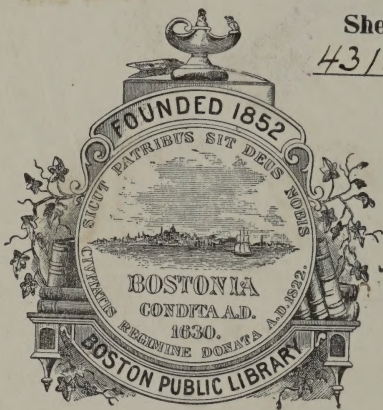


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Defence of America.

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GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

UNIONIST,

ON

T. COLLEY GRATTAN,

SLANDERER.

Price 15 Cents.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY LEE & SHEPARD,

NO. 155 WASHINGTON STREET.

1862.

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GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

UNIONIST,

ON

T. COLLEY GRATTAN,

SECESSIONIST.

THE  
UNION  
AND  
THE  
SECESSION

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Feb. 23, 1894

VERMONT

J. E. Farwell & Co., Printers, 32 Congress Street, Boston.

1894



ENGLAND  
AND THE  
DISRUPTED STATES OF AMERICA,  
BY THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN;  
OR,  
THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING CONFESSION  
OF THE  
REBEL COMMISSIONERS, YANCEY, MANN, AND ROST,  
BY THEIR OFFICIAL EDITOR.

---

PITIFUL is it to witness the beautiful cross of St. George floating so harmoniously beside the pirate flag of Carolina!

PITIFUL to witness this noble land of order and of freedom advocating anarchy and slavery!

PITIFUL to witness the Washington Astronomer abuse the nation that gave him fame, without a rebuke from the British Admiral who received the mendacious letter!

PITIFUL to witness a great press torturing a great people into breaking the peace of nations! PITIFUL to see that great disciple of Christianity, Lord Shaftesbury, refuse attendance at Exeter Hall when an anxious prayer for peace with America goes up to the most High! PITIFUL to see proud England gloating impatiently upon the blood of her children and maligning the champion of the people's love, Richard Cobden, for daring to mention arbitration! All these things are sad, but, sadder still, and more PITIFUL is it to the loyal Americans to see a son

of the Pilgrims preaching disunion in the Hall of St. James's; with the poet of the people in the chair! supported by an acknowledged traitor to his country on the one side, and a late British Consul for Boston on the other.\* America remembers her friends in the hour of adversity — she will not forget her enemies. Retribution is close upon the crime. *Mene! Mene! Tekel! Upharsin!* Read Grattan's pamphlet, and correct me if my translation of its title is not in accordance with its tenor! I took it up, and laid it down, and failed to find substance for review; weak as I knew to be the Confederates, I never imagined they would admit as much in their *official* proclamations.

Fuller preaches a feeble Secession funeral sermon! Mackay reads a feeble Secession psalm! Hunt offers up a feeble Secession prayer, and Grattan writes a feeble Secession obituary notice!

Imagine Yancey's disgust at the *dead* failure of the *dead* lecture, and the *dead* pamphlet. It was no consolation for Mann to say, YES, SUCH ADVOCACY IS RUIN. O, SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!

Who is Thomas Colley Grattan? He tells you that he is the author of "Civilized America!" That slanderous publication I nailed on its issue, and these pages tell you how I did it, by reproducing the review from the *Liverpool Post*. A writer so unjust to a people in the sunshine cannot be expected to befriend them in the shade.

Having abused the slave-owner, he now defends him, — the black becomes white. Read his chapter at the slave auction in Richmond, written only a year ago, and compare therewith his Secession pamphlet! Consistency is a jewel. Jewels are rare!

Before dissecting "Civilized America," and proving how completely Grattan has transposed the colors on its map, let me refute one important Secession falsehood. If all the rebel assertions are as far out as to their population estimate, from thirty to fifty per cent. may be safely deducted from all their statements.

\* Need I say they composed nearly the entire audience in that great hall, capable of accommodating three thousand people?

Their orators, their statesmen, their writers, all vary some two to four millions as to numbers. Yancey stated ten millions, at the Fishmongers ; Mann says eight, in his letter to Fitzroy ; Spencer, Lempriere, Grattan, and the *Times*, never mention less. Yet deducting the new State of Kanawha, and Accomac and Northampton counties in Virginia, the entire white population of the eleven seceding States is but five millions and a quarter.

The population, free and slave, of the Confederate States, according to the census of 1860, is as follows : —

State.	Free.	Slave.
Alabama . . . .	529,164 . . . .	435,132
Arkansas . . . .	324,323 . . . .	111,104
Florida . . . .	78,686 . . . .	61,753
Georgia . . . .	595,097 . . . .	462,230
Louisiana . . . .	376,918 . . . .	332,520
Mississippi . . . .	354,699 . . . .	436,696
North Carolina . . . .	661,586 . . . .	331,081
South Carolina . . . .	301,271 . . . .	402,541
Tennessee . . . .	834,063 . . . .	275,784
Texas . . . .	420,651 . . . .	180,388
Virginia . . . .	1,105,196 . . . .	490,887
	<hr/> 5,581,654	<hr/> 3,520,116

#### THE BORDER SLAVE STATES.

State.	Free.	Slave.
Delaware . . . .	110,420 . . . .	1,798
Kentucky . . . .	930,233 . . . .	225,490
Missouri . . . .	1,058,352 . . . .	114,965
Maryland . . . .	599,846 . . . .	17,188
	<hr/> 2,698,851	<hr/> 439,441

To prevent future misstatement, let me show the number comprising the party of TRAITORS and the party of PATRIOTS.



The total population of the United States, according to the census of 1860, was 31,429,894, (of which 4,000,000 are slaves,) divided as follows:—

Thirteen free States, and eight territories, including Dis-	
trict of Columbia . . . . .	19,089,842
Four border slave States, still in the Union . .	2,698,841
	<hr/>
Eleven slave States . . . . .	5,681,654
Deduct slave-owners, (which gives on an average ten	
negroes each,) . . . . .	400,000
	<hr/>
Leaves . . . . .	5,281,654 white
men, women, and children, not slave-owners, and comprising a large	
number of Unionists who will want, one of these days, to settle their	
little account with the leaders who have brought this calamity upon	
their household, and placed the stigma of treason on their otherwise	
fair fame.	

## YOUNG AMERICA AFTER OLD IRELAND.

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"There are many things in this book which are *good*, and many things which are *new*; but the things which are *good* are not *new*—and the things which are *new* are not *good*."

IMAGINE the excited feelings of the young author, when he saw how Sydney Smith introduced him to the public in the pithy review above quoted. Had the witty divine lived to see Grattan's work, notwithstanding his Pennsylvania speculations, I am sure that he would have said something more pointed, more caustic, more bitter against the distinguished writer who should labor twenty years in hashing up all the stock slanders, in order to convince the English people that the Americans are vulgar, ungentelemanly, dishonest, and unworthy of being exalted to an Englishman's confidence.

Americans deserve better treatment from the late British Consul at Boston. He accepts their hospitalities, and abuses their courtesy; he laughs at the guests, sneers at the host, and finds fault where others praise. Every American I meet asks me, "Have you read Grattan's book?" and then he storms away, calling it "antiquated conceit," "lukewarm libels," "ancient jokes;" adding, that it is the most severe of anything ever written on America! "*Civilized America!*" they say the very title indicates a sneer. I respond by telling them they must admit the truth—select the good, reject the bad. But some of my friends see nothing to commend: that is not fair—I see many points of merit. They laugh at the "sell" of the sea-serpent, at Nahant, and think it must have been a shoal of porpoises or an exiled whale; but I consider it a more decent story than many of the other stories which he has told! The words used to me by those who have read the book, are—"base calumnies," "animus—injustice," "outrageous," "worse than Dickens," "worse than Trollope;" that even Englishmen refuse to believe that Americans are so low. Every American who has read it is furious; and, as several have asked me to review it, I have looked over its pages, and must say I am surprised to find anything so illiberal emanating from so distinguished a source.

Thomas Colley Grattan wrote books before I was born, and wields a ready and clever pen. His *Byeways and Highways*, his *History of the Netherlands*, and a score of books which filled the libraries twenty years

ago, have made his name known far and wide. He is a friend of mine. I know him well, and like him much; but he has gone so far out of his path to abuse America and the Americans, more especially the American ladies, he must pardon me if I forget our old acquaintance, as I become indignant at his uncalled-for comments. My country first; friends afterwards.

A British consul in an American port has open doors to welcome him. Mr. Grattan's fame had gone before; and he assures us that his reception was warm and hearty, but soon after discovers that it meant nothing, — a mere formality, without heart or generosity! in short, a cold-blooded "come home and dine with us," — the almighty dollar ruling the wife, the husband, and the child.

Mr. Grattan's experiences must have been most unfortunate. Where can he have been? who could he have met? What is his object in dipping his pen in such gall and wormwood ink? Is it for fame? No; he has enough of that already. Is it for malice? it cannot be possible. What then? — for money? Ah, that's the secret. He wanted, like Boz, something that would sell, — it was the almighty dollar, even with him! So, forgetting old friendships — forgetting the kindness with which he was received, ignoring all our hospitalities, he shuts himself up in the club, and hurls his vengeance over the water to an entire people, simply because he made one or two injudicious investments — and the result has been disastrous! That's the secret. He lost money in some "unsecured bonds" and in the Middlesex Mills; and he means to get it back in the sale of his book, and have his revenge at the same time! Nearly a score of years have been added to his life since he represented England as Her Majesty's Consul at Boston. He remained there some seven years, when his son succeeded him. Last year his son received a Continental appointment, and the father fires off his gun — not loading it with the Christian weapons of ball and powder, but with crackers, and slugs, and nails — something that tears open old wounds, and irritates the flesh. Time and space prevent me from making copious extracts; but a few references will show how unjustly he has treated us.

Page 95: He says that the Irish element in Boston has improved the American. This is news to me! I was born in an elegant house, in the fashionable part of the city, No. 21 High Street; and having the curiosity, when in Boston last year, to see the place, I found some twenty-five families, of Mr. Grattan's countrymen, packed from cellar



to attic. That house represents whole streets of Irishmen; the city is full of them. I found them on every side — as Tennyson would say — “Irish to the right of me; Irish to the left of me; Irish in front of me — bullied and blundered.” But I saw no evidences that the Irish had benefited the native element — mixing the breed, another generation may improve it — certainly not now. Do not for a moment accuse me of saying anything against the large and worthy class of our community — native American though I be. I see room for everybody on our shores. Who built our railways? Irishmen. Who made our canals, our factories, our public works? Irishmen. Who are noted for industry, economy, and good behavior? None more than the hardy son of Ireland. Yet I cannot endorse all Mr. Grattan says about improving the American stock.

Page 109: — “The vast majority of the town inhabitants of the United States live in boarding-houses or hotels.” This is simply absurd, and mathematically impossible! The million of people in New York would require some 2,000 hotels of 500 individual capacity each! I have my doubts about there being so many. Poets are allowed to multiply, exaggerate, and change nature into art; but Mr. Grattan is too philosophical for that. He is not a poet. Imagine a young girl with *alabaster* forehead! (you could crack a walnut on it) — *pearly* teeth! *coral* lips! Imagine yourself sipping the dew off of a reef of coral — suppose your ardor goes so far as to bite the lips you meant to kiss, and suppose your teeth were works of art! Speaking of her face, a poet would say a battle came ’twixt rose and lily, to see which should lie first upon her cheek; at length, contented both, they sat together down and slept. (More often after a ball resembling a battle-field, by the smell of powder, than a flower-garden, certainly.) The poetical picture generally stops at the neck; but this is where he shines. Her swan-like neck — I need not go on — but merely ask you to contemplate the neck of a fair young girl, as long as your arm, bent like a boomerang, and moving up and down in a manner best understood by bending your finger and wriggling it! Now that is the prose of poetry! This little simile strips off the tinsel of language, showing the margin between poetry and fact; and Mr. Grattan has exercised his genius (for he really is clever) in giving his *poetical* idea of American characters and American manners! Like the poet, he has gone beyond the truth, in order to give us a specimen of strong writing. By trying to prove too much against the Americans his own countrymen refuse to

credit him at all. Like the poet, "he draws upon his imagination for his facts and his memory for his wit."

Had he been reading the Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table, when describing our boarding-house Ho(l)mes? Page 112 is severe on widows who never threw off their weeds, and dare to get an honest living by keeping a few boarders. Is it not praiseworthy — do they not deserve commendation rather than censure? His observations of the workings of that peculiar institution were exceptions, not the rule. Of course they gossip: women will gossip, — so will men; — Americans gossip — Englishmen gossip. No well-regulated boarding-house or private family could prosper a day did not each member know every transaction that occurs. Everybody gossips everywhere, and no one has gossiped more than my distinguished friend, the author of *Civilized America*! He speaks against boarding-houses as though he had lived in nothing else in America, or that there was nothing of the kind in England. Can you go into a street in any city in England, and not find apartments to let, — lodgers taken in (and done for), — furnished and unfurnished? The only exception to it has been Liverpool, for I tried in vain some six weeks before succeeding in the attempt. (At Glasgow they let *flats* — in England they let *to flats*.) To do Mr. Grattan justice, he occasionally says a good thing — viz: 124, speaking of America in comparison with his own people he says — "There is less civility, more self-respect, and a juster appreciation of the relative value of men and things."

For proof of this, notice the picture in the shop windows of the Irish Emigrant reading the advertisement of the packet-ship at Cork, westward bound, dressed in rags and tatters; and a few years later look at the well-dressed citizen in New York noticing the bill for the packet bound to England. Some change has come over the spirit of his pocket as well as his dream.

Page 150 — Mr. Grattan states that manifest destiny is "unscrupulous spoliation." Prove it. What have we done in that way? Did we seize Mexico when our victorious army was in the halls of the Montezumas? I have often talked with my father-in-law, Colonel Davis, who was appointed Secretary of State of the City of Mexico when taken by General Scott, and he gives a contradiction to the assertion that manifest destiny is unscrupulous spoliation. What prevented us from annexing the entire country? England, at the same time, was adding millions of square miles — millions of people to her empire. Lord Dal-

housie, under similar circumstances to our Mexican campaign, seized Burmah, Nangpore, and the Punjaub; but the unscrupulous spoliation of Oude was too much; and history will paint England's glory in conquering the Indian race at an expense thus far of *only* £21,000,000 sterling, and the lives of *only* 40,000 English troops. The 200,000 natives killed (not including those blown from the cannon's mouth) are not worth mentioning! A Sepoy is not so valuable as a Negro at the present price of cotton.

Manifest destiny means England in America, with improved morals when adding territory to her borders, not "unscrupulous spoliation," as Mr. Grattan asserts. England has not a square mile of land on the face of the globe that she has not taken by the hand of violence. The stand-and-deliver argument—your estates or your lives. Even she wrested America from the Red Indian of the West and the Frenchman. But the United States have made no addition to their country except by fair purchase. Had England been on America's shores she would have owned Cuba, Mexico, and all South America long ago; but Englishmen Americanized have *manifest destiny* morals.

Page 189, writes Mr. Grattan, "To meet anything quite coming up to English notions of a finished gentleman is scarcely to be expected." Indeed! Are Americans to judge of finished gentlemen by those who accept their hospitalities, and on their return to England write books about them? not fairly, not argumentatively, but all onesided—finding "flaws and spots and stains," exaggerating vices, depreciating virtues? Bulwer, the other day, hoped that Australia would seek to preserve intact the cherished institution of an English gentleman. I wish some of those finished gentlemen would visit America; I wish Bulwer would go there. I wish Englishmen thought enough of us to come and see us. I wish the Lords and Commons would go over. Statesmen would be improved—members of Parliament would discover that Boston is not a *slave* State—that the Mammoth Cave was not caused by drawing off the water to make Niagara Falls—that Kentucky is not the capital of Mississippi—that Arrowsmiths are liable to mistake—that railways and revolvers in Georgia are still played off on unsuspecting book-makers! Will Arrowsmith admit the joke, now that he has satisfied himself by selling the *Times*? Was there ever a better hoax? The students knew the traveller was taking notes. Smoking is not allowed in the American cars; so they went into the luggage van. The conductor was in the plot—champagne was ordered—an empty bottle



was a dead man — a yell, a scuffle, and out went the dead man. Again the tragedy was repeated — again the dispute — the contest — the challenge — the report — the scream, and out went another fellow-being — the foul victim of the duelist. Arrowsmith records six deaths! I will do the tourist justice to say that the child which was killed, so vividly described, was a pint bottle! “Monte Christo” was the brand of the wine — or, as Arrowsmith relates it, the name of the pistol! I am told he may still be seen on ‘Change, with that sad, that melancholy picture on his features, of his death-ride on a Georgian railway!

When speaking of children of disreputable parents not suffering in public estimation (page 200), he says: — “I am rather inclined to attribute it to an indifference to disrepute, parallel to the evident want of appreciation of virtue.” Sweeping assertion that! Have the Americans so degenerated since the landing of the Pilgrims? Have our eighty-three years of republican existence brought us to this? Let the common sense of England answer the libel, while I pass on to his remarks on our statesmen.

Disgusted because Webster did not mention, only casually, his visit to England, when he knew the British Consul was not present at the banquet, he says, in page 240, speaking of the sarcastic reply which he made to Mr. Webster, “But I was happy to find that of all the Americans present, no one seemed to perceive any lurking satire in some of the passages, which the few Englishmen present might have suspected.” Of course, good breeding would have suggested silence, even had they noticed that what was said in apparent frankness was intended as a scoff. Deception, so contrary to what Mr. Grattan leads us to suppose is the true character of an English gentleman — all present must have taken the Consul at his word. He likes Clay; he likes Calhoun; but he despises Webster. Clay was his *beau-ideal*; but Webster, he says, was overrated. So are most great men. Human nature paints. He has only said of the distinguished statesmen what will apply equally to many of the leading minds of the world. My experience tells me that the nearer you approach great men, the smaller they appear. Distance lends enchantment. I was taught that not to curse, or lie, or steal, or drink, or smoke, or chew, was the right way to become a great man. Imagine my astonishment, when mixing with the world, to find so many great men doing the very things that I was taught not to do! To be sure, Mr. Webster’s friendship was expensive. I remember some autographs of his in a certain cash-box which may be

valuable as autographs, but not as representatives of money lent! I knew Mr. Webster well, and received many kindnesses at his hands. Hero-worship is natural everywhere. The speech—Webster *v.* Hayne—made the man. On that effort a principle found vent. The whole North spoke; every State north of Mason and Dixon's line endorsed the oration, and Daniel Webster ever after was carried on the shoulders of the people. Many a time I have heard him speak, but must say that he did not come up to my idea of an orator. His sledge-hammer blows in defence of the Constitution were heavy, dull, prosy; I listened, I reflected, I looked, and went away always disappointed. I went away with the conviction that, if Webster was an eloquent speaker, I had not the genius to appreciate it; but when Mr. Grattan says that no man was more overrated, he only remarks what will equally apply to Webster's great contemporary, Lord Palmerston!

Mr. Grattan never made a greater mistake than where he says (page 259), "An American youth or 'young lady' will go to service willingly if they can be better paid for it than for teaching in a village school or working on a farm or in a factory." Now, it is exactly the reverse. American servants, American factory girls, and American laborers are as scarce as policemen when you want them. A strong Irish brogue meets you at every bell. The American invents, and others execute; he does the thinking, as contractor—as stevedore—as mechanic, and foreign labor carries out the design. The one represents the mind—the other the body. The American is the mental—the emigrant the physical laborer. The man who plans is as far above the one who executes as mind is above matter. Wonderful is the variegated surface of the world—the magnificent workmanship of nature; but how much more wonderful is the God who created it!

He is equally misinformed (page 265) by saying that "Teaching the young idea how to spell or write does not enter into the list of maternal duties." On the contrary, New England mothers are most remarkable for that very virtue. He also rebukes the habit of the wife's locking up everything. It was seldom done in America until the habits of foreign servants suggested it. An occasional family at the North may practice it—but with white servants; it is never done at the South among the slaves! Pray, is it not an English custom? I am misinformed if it is not widely practised on this side of the ocean.

Page 286 he says, that "National honor in America is inseparable from public interest, as private honor is from personal interest." On

the succeeding page he writes that "Any State may at any time constitutionally withdraw from the Union, and then virtually dissolve it!" Any Englishman acquainted with American institutions will assure Mr. Grattan that both these assertions are simply gross misrepresentations. Did Carolina succeed when trying it? Let any State make the attempt, and unity of action soon would show executive power.

How can Mr. Grattan, contrary to the known facts of the case, write, at page 229, that "No innate love of country or of countrymen cements the national compact?" Do not Americans, in all lands, celebrate their national birthday? Is there on the earth's surface a people more devoted to their native land? Are we not often rebuked in England for our national pride, our love of boasting, our spread-eagle aspirations, *most of which is simply defence against foreign abuse!* The anniversary of Washington's birthday is being celebrated in London, in Liverpool, in Paris, and is remembered wherever two Americans meet together, even while I write. Mr. Grattan has often noticed our national demonstrations. He himself was a guest at the celebration of the American anniversary in London last year, and made one of the most eloquent speeches of the evening on that very point!

So intensely national are Americans, that you never see them naturalized in foreign lands. I believe there is but one in England; but he has been so long in this country, and held a position so high in the moneyed world, he must have almost forgotten his native land. No, I will not say that; for his recent donation to my native city shows that, even though naturalized, he is in feeling still an American. Once an Englishman — always an Englishman. But let an American forswear his country for another, and he ceases to be a citizen of the United States.

At page 304, he says, "Americans servilely adopt English phrases." Do they, though? Did he ever hear an American lady say that it was "a beastly day," or that such a man was a "brute," or that it was "nasty" weather? What phrases does he allude to? Americans read the Bible, Milton, and Shakspeare. If adopting phrases therein is servilely using English phrases, Mr. Grattan is correct. I never heard an American say that he was "starved" with cold, or that she was "knocked up" by being out late at the ball! Nor shall I soon forget the laughter occasioned by hearing an English nobleman describe to a party of American ladies, in a Mediterranean steamer, the terrible "stink" in his state-room!



I have in vain tried to think of English phrases adopted by my countrymen. He admits that we do not say "poorly," and rebukes us for using the word *sick* instead of *ill*. The Bible authority for the use of the word is older than Mr. Grattan's or England's. I never saw it written "Christ healing the *ill*." No, Mr. Grattan, while I am disgusted that the Americans have latterly habituated themselves to the using of so many slang terms, you, perhaps, will express surprise to hear me assert that the Americans, as a nation, speak the English language in a purer manner than the British. Reflect, and then admit. Cannot an Englishman travel from Maine to California through our Forty-two State Territories, without a dragoman, everybody understanding English? No one questions it. But, on the other hand, it is not so in England. A Yorkshireman would get lost in London, and a Cockney would need an interpreter in Lancashire! As for Wales, I fared better in Nijni Novgorod, on the Volga, for I could speak some Russian. Step out of Wales into Scotland, and try the Gaelic. Then go over to Ireland, and take the Celtic, which, without practising the fifty dialects in the kingdom, should convince any sensible Englishman that the Americans speak better English than the English themselves! Why, the English are under obligation to an American, even for their grammar. Are they not aware that Lindley Murray was "a Pennsylvanian?" Noah Webster, an American, has superseded Johnson and Walker. (*I may mention that he was not the distinguished statesman, nor was he the murderer of Dr. Parkman. He is simply the original Noah!*) Mind you, I say as a nation. "Sam Slick" was Haliburton's caricature, like Cruikshank's in *Punch*, or the English stage American.

Mr. Grattan says that Englishmen would rather live in England (p. 348). Of course they would; so would Frenchmen in France, Chinese in China, Russians in Russia, Patagonians in Patagonia. What can be more natural than preferring to live in one's native land?

Everybody is supposed to love their mother better than their other relations, or their schoolmistress; and the man who does not like his mother-land better than any other, forgets the first of nature's laws. Here is the mistake that Mr. Grattan, with so many others, makes. "Comparisons are always *odorous*," as Mrs. Malaprop says; and England cannot be compared with America. Similar language, similar religion, similar laws, are stock compliments used over dinner tables; our estates and your estates are entirely different. England is a mon-

archy — America a republic. England's Queen bears no relation to America's President. England's Commons are not America's "Representatives," nor are America's "Senators" England's "Lords."

England has three estates — America has but one. The Queen, the Lords, the Commons, in England, are in America — the elected of the people. In England the privileges of the people are a boon from the "ruling class." In America the people's rights are inherent. England's institutions are no more adapted to our mode than is our government to the English people.

England is but a *freckle* on the world's map — America a continent! England concentrates her talent on four hundred journals — America dilutes hers over four thousand; and yet Englishmen continually compare our backwoods editorials with the twenty guinea essays of the *Times*.

Palmerston's abolition sentiments are not so much out of love for the negro as hatred of the Americans! Mr. Grattan forgets that some four millions of foreigners have arrived in our land since he was consul! That we have with us the English Chartist — the Tipperary boy — the Scotch Radical — the Polish exile — the Italian fugitive — the Hungarian refugee — and the *coup d'état* Frenchman (say nothing of absconding criminals)! He forgets that these foreigners have their clubs — their social societies — their political unions — their fire companies — their regiments — and their newspapers, in almost every State, city, and town in the country! Englishmen must remember that, when they observe sentiments often strongly anti-English, they may emanate from their own exiled Frosts, their Joneses, and their Mitchells.

Volume II. opens with a chapter on Irish in America, where they get severely drubbed for approving of negro slavery. He accounts for it upon the ground that human nature always rejoices in finding something a step lower than itself. He quotes in the Appendix Daniel O'Connell's proclamation to the Irish Repeal Association of Cincinnati in 1843 — one of the weakest of the many wishy-washy papers that emanate from the abolitionists. It is fortunate that O'Connell's reputation did not rest on such a slender basis; yet Mr. Grattan speaks of it as a powerful paper, comprising almost everything that can be said for the anti-slavery party.

✓ The chapter devoted to the Women of America "adds insult to injury." Our ladies are reproved for saying "elastics" instead of "garters" — "corsets" instead of "stays" — for fickleness in love matters,

for coquetry. Mr. Grattan is shocked to see young ladies walk out with young gentlemen before they are engaged, and ride home from the opera alone in carriages before they are married. Philosophical as is your nature, Mr. Grattan, the incidents which you record should have occasioned a different conclusion. American mothers have confidence in their daughters; they are taught in childhood the relations of the sexes, and knowledge of wrong is the best guard against it.

While he quotes Miss Martineau, to prove that American women are not virtuous, he is forced to admit that he does not fully endorse her opinion. Mr. Grattan lived seven years in Boston; can he recite an instance where girls were led astray by their flirtations, or the freedom of walking or riding with gentlemen in the absence of parents? American ladies do not fear to trust themselves with American gentlemen. (English authors have nobly testified that a lady can travel through our land alone, and everywhere receive the best seat, the best state-room, the most attention, because without a protector, from all classes of our people. A woman, or an old man, if insulted at all, it is not by an American.) This confidence is seldom abused. American mothers never allow their daughters to enter the bonds of wedlock in ignorance of their responsibilities. Confidence commands respect. Why are the sons of clergymen the wildest in the village? Simply because it is the rebound of the bent bow.

Why are there so many thousand Cyprians in the great city of London (one in every thirty of the female population)? Why are the Argyle-rooms, the High Holborn, and Piccadilly, crowded with so many Magdalens? Why has the social evil occasioned such deep anxiety to the morality of England? It is because the education of young girls in England is so entirely different from that which Mr. Grattan deprecates in America.

How many marriages take place every year, creating domestic misery, arising solely from the mothers of the brides having kept them in total ignorance as to their married relations?

"America has no respect for religion as a fundamental portion of national virtue," (page 97). Does he mean that there is no national church? If not, what then? Is not Mr. Grattan aware that the first lot surveyed in our Western civilization is for the school-house, the college, and the church?

America, when she sees the advantage of connecting Church and State,



will do so. Three things mark her originality, a Church without a Bishop, a Land without a Lord, a State without a King.

He says that "we have no deep-formed sentiment in the people's heart," but soon after compliments (?) us (page 99) : "Several Americans are to be met with who, having been in Europe, are comparatively well informed." O, my countrymen, how art thou fallen !

"America," writes Mr. Grattan, page 178, "cannot and will not love us. She disbelieves our praise and despises our advice." He then furnishes the real reason why, and his whole abuse is a fair illustration and proof. If Mr. Grattan fairly represents an Englishman's judgment of America and Americans, he has closed the argument against his countrymen by the following : —

"America knows well that for seventy years England has viewed her commercial progress with *mixed feelings of astonishment and jealousy, her political institutions with dislike, her social organization with disdain*. A shrug, a frown, or a sneer, were the outward and visible signs of what England thought and felt. Did she conceal her thoughts and feelings? No. On the contrary, no opportunity was lost in giving them utterance, and that in no measured phrase. The style of all travellers, [Ex. : Grattan,] tourist, or essayist, whether in books, reviews, or newspapers of any influence, [*Times*,] was in unison. Blame and ridicule formed the staple of all those; and the few who accorded faint praise, or lauded with overstrained encomium, utterly failed to produce any countervailing effect. *This was plain truth, evident, and undeniable*. It was all perfectly natural. Why not avow, or why attempt to excuse it? *These were the true sentiments of England in reference to America*."

The italics are mine; but the entire paragraph stamps upon Mr. Grattan the true animus, and furnishes the key to the whole book.

He speaks of the English as the "mightiest people on earth," while condemning the Americans for "self-laudation;" never dreaming that more than half the "boasting" he charges upon them is defensive of themselves and country for the severe, ungenerous, and often false accusations of the English, and of the English specially, for no other Europeans write and speak of the Americans as harshly as the class Mr. Grattan represents.

"Remove the talebearer, and contrition cometh."

We next find him at Richmond, Va., (p. 236,) where he has worked himself up to a state of horror at seeing an auction sale of negroes. How sentimental he becomes, while he fancies the effect made upon the

slaves "by the presence of a Britisher!" That this same Britisher did not, at the same time, meditate upon the awful curse fastened upon the negro race by Englishmen themselves, — and that, too, after American laws forbade the importation of slaves upon her soil, — is not surprising, when we observe how unfairly he treats every other topic. Mr. Grattan, like other broad-brimmed negropolists, dilates extensively upon the sin of slavery, as seen three thousand miles from England, but suggests no remedy for the evil. He cannot.

"He that would eat the kernel, must crack the nut."

When he can change the nature of the slave he will the condition, — not before.

But I have answered Mr. Grattan on this subject in another paper, entitled "Young America on Slavery," which, as he is so familiar with the question, I will thank him to respond to.

Mr. Grattan little thinks that not only Americans, but his own countrymen, will penetrate the thin veil in which he wraps his ideas. St. Paul (pardon me for referring to such an author in this connection) thus writes to the Romans, after reciting their outrageous vices, — among other faults, charging them with being "boasters," "disobedient to parents," without understanding, covenant breakers "without natural affection," &c., — he says, chap. 2, v. 1: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; *for thou that judgest doest the same things.*"

Let Mr. Grattan ponder upon these words. Let him consider how far his own countrymen may or may not be obnoxious to the faults he charges upon their "cousins" of America. Let him judge if "*Libelled America*" were not a better name for these two volumes than "*Civilized America*;" for, certainly, the Americans, as Mr. Grattan describes them, show too little *civilization* to give the title to a book. If Mr. Grattan reviews this book, as he most likely will do, and does not admit the injustice he has done a Christian people, then he is incapable of appreciating those virtues, the absence of which, in America, he discloses; and the recommendation of which he will find in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, thirteenth chapter.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

Mr. Grattan (page 314) says: "No woman, I verily believe, ever ventured for pleasure on an ice-covered pond in America." Any Englishman may see how rashly our author makes statements, by taking a drive to "Jamaica Pond," or "Fresh Pond," near where Mr. Grattan lived so many years, where hundreds of girls are seen with skates, with the mercury below zero. Yet he immediately tells them "that it is inelegant for them to coast or slide like boys."

He says (page 317) that "newspapers abstain on a point of *delicacy* from even announcing the birth of a child;" hence he was led to infer that the "wealthy orders were not prolific." He appears much annoyed that mothers, when *coming events cast their shadows before*, do not receive visitors, or parade the streets in that interesting condition. No better instance can be given to show how far Mr. Grattan is behind the age, than by remembering that the fair Empress of France ingeniously discovered a remedy, (for what twenty years ago Mr. Grattan called false modesty in America,) by introducing crinoline, for the especial benefit of the Imperial Prince.

It is true that it is not an American custom to announce births; but I really think it a very good one. No more convenient way can be found for telegraphing such momentous events to one's friends.

If it will please the author of "Civilized America," I will have the matter attended to. I am not at all surprised that this important subject received so much attention from the distinguished writer.

Had he read Talleyrand, De Tocqueville, and Lafayette, more, and such works as Marie Fontenay, D'Alembert, and M. Beauvalet, less, he would have found something more substantial for his philosophical pen than in criticizing American ladies, whose only fault appears to be a shrinking from the public gaze at a certain period in their marriage relations. Would that crinoline had been introduced before Mr. Grattan entered an American nursery.

Jules Janin, in the *Debats*, or Oscar Commettant in the *Siecle*, seem to have been models for Mr. Grattan. Fontenay wrote about the American women: "They are entirely ignorant of the sweet relationships of family and of the happiness of the fireside." D'Alembert writes that the "married lady becomes sedate and grave as a matron; she hardly ever leaves her dwelling; her whole time is bestowed upon the education of her children; she never quits the circle of her domestic duties; *she is a devoted wife and an accomplished mother.*" How well those French authors agree!



So wrote the Frenchman of the American wife ; so speaks the American of the English mothers ; but the Irish author is not equally complimentary of the American who entertained him. To his eyes our women may be thin, but to ours they are fair ; our climates are dissimilar, our education is different. We live to love, and love to live. Thick boots, red petticoats, uglies, hair dressed low on the face, robes long at the bottom, short at the top, cheeks very rosy, bosoms very full, feet very large, hands very red, are not the characteristics of the American women. Perhaps it were well if they were. Exercise is the key to health ; comfort is better than fashion. Our women can learn a thing or two in England ; but I like them as they are. God makes, apparel shapes.

✧ When I am in France, or Italy, or Germany, it is positively refreshing to meet one of these fair-haired, red-lipped, white-toothed English girls. When I am in England, I rejoice in meeting an American. ✓

Mr. Grattan objects to the precocity of boys, forgetting that climate, space, government, education, all act on the mind of the child. I agree with him as to the necessity of more athletic sports. We have too much headwork, and not sufficient exercise. We eat too quick, think too much, and do not allow ourselves sufficient rest. We should laugh more, walk more, and let the body work and the mind play. This age is too dignified. In this respect America, I regret to say, is copying England. English dinner parties are stiff, formal, freezing with the weight of dignity. Digestion is best promoted by song and sentiment, speech, conversation, laughter.

How delightful it is to see the gas turned on to the theatre after you have been blinded by a night scene ; what a relief it is to see the Commons light up, while your eyes are asking to see if it was Palmerston, Bulwer, or Gibson. I agree with Mr. Grattan, — Americans require more physical exercise ; while English, I must tell him, need more laughter. In reality, there is more vitality in an English company than an American, if you only unship their dignity and wake them up. I wish that America would adopt the national sports of England — coursing, racing, cricket, fives court, running, jumping, and the Highland games. I wish we had them all ; America can profit by England's example. But I should not like too many Tipton Slashers, too many Palmers, to come among our people as teachers.

Mr. Grattan “ don't think an American gentleman can be found who

could take a horse over a three feet rail in England, or an Irish potato field." Mr. Grattan, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Rarey and Mr. Ten Broeck. You should have had a ride after Lady Suffolk or Flora Temple.

He says, page 323, "Compared with Europe, there is little or no sentiment in America, religious, personal, or local," and that the Americans have no enlightenment." "Let the masses of civilized America," he says on page next to the last, as if to leave a sting on his English readers, "be what they are — uneducated, unmannered — but still, according to their tastes and wants, contented, if not actually happy — decorous, if not entirely virtuous, &c." Thank Heaven! he utters one great truth, which even he could not fail to observe, but which he evidently cannot appreciate.

On the same page he writes, "Let the Americans not attempt the high tone of English manners, nor the restrained refinements of a class which could never exist without an inferior multitude to lord it over." Again I say, thank Heaven that we have not, nor can we ever have, such "a high-toned class in America," for we have not such an inferior multitude over which they can *lord it*." The fact is, Mr. Grattan, like most superficial observers, compares our rough democracy with his refined aristocracy — American second-class men with English first-class; but let him put caste to caste, and where will he stand?

The English traveller in America sees the worst side of American democracy, which he at once compares with English aristocracy, and sneers at the result. "I rowed in the same boat with Lamartine," said Albert Smith to Jerrold. "Yes, but with far different sculls," was the sarcastic response. The European mind will not, cannot circumvender the mile-a-minute speed of American progress. Wild, sharp, and piercing as are our election calls and republican cries, our democracy is the most conservative in the world. Out of what the Grattans term infidelity, we winnow the grain of religion. The journals revile the law and crucify the judges, yet where is there a more law-loving, law-abiding people? Europe sees our worst side — she sneaks in at the back door. Mr. Grattan thinks the lady must have been talking with the cook when he called! America sees Europe in her Sunday garb, while Europe goes to America on a working-day. America observes Europe through a thousand journals; while Europe looks at America through the columns of the London *Times*.

For more than a quarter of a century, whenever the *Times* laid an

American egg, all Europe cackled! European monarchs read the *Times*, and the *Times* only. European hotels take the *Times* — European academies, clubs, societies, are subscribers to the *Times*. I found it in the palace of the King as well as in the seraglio of the Sultan. Go to Italy, and ask for an English paper; they hand you the *Times*. 'Tis the same in Russia, in Austria, in the north of Europe, in France, in Spain; and the journals of these nations translate only from the *Times*. Hence note its power and its responsibility. Why or wherefore I never knew, but some one connected with that gigantic establishment must have had some overpowering prejudice, some deep sense of wrong, some lasting impression of injustice, to have occasioned such uncompromising enmity against the American people. Was it a question of money with the *Times*, as it was with Sydney Smith, and appears to be with Mr. Grattan? Did the editors who persecuted America, distorting facts, introducing obscure newspaper paragraphs as history, misrepresenting acts — did the writers in question lose money by the failure of the Bank of the United States? (The United States Bank never suspended).

Sydney Smith worshipped America and the Americans before he petitioned Congress; one day he was all praise, the next day he was in a furious passion! He speculated — times were bad — money was tight — panic came. He sold at forty discount, and awoke disquieted when he found that he had parted with his stock, and *Pennsylvania did not repudiate after all*. The distinguished divine lost some 314*l.* 10*s.* by selling on a false market. Grattan, later on, got into a similar boat. Had both of these gentlemen made money, neither would have abused America. Sydney Smith was witty, clever, and good-natured; Grattan writes in bad temper, but both write on a money basis. 'Sell at a premium, and I will call the Americans gentlemen; sell at a discount, and they shall forevermore be villains.

Now, let me ask, what is a blackmail opinion worth after all?

But to return to the *Times*. Abuse on abuse, editorial on editorial, misrepresentation on misrepresentation, so acted on public opinion that Europe ridiculed America on every topic — social, sacred, and secular. The aristocratic mind of Europe too willingly drank in the poison, and America became a pig-pen, a quagmire, a judge and jury, a coal-hole, a Five Points Government and country. This was the state of things when in 1856 one of its leading minds (John T. Delane, Esq.) made a flying visit to America, and, short as was his stay, he saw the cities of



the West, and, *being in a hurry, refused to accept Mr. Collins's offer of a state-room in the "Adriatic"*—jumped on board a Cunard steamer, arrived in London, and, *presto!* from that day the London *Times* has changed its entire tone towards America. Thanks to that American voyage; for ever since, by treating us kindly, the *Times* has been strongly, but surely, untying the knot of public opinion in Europe, which for so long a time it had pulled till America stood out a monster in the presence of the world.

We were beginning to understand each other, when a British Government officer runs afoul of us with his piratical craft. But it won't do, Mr. Grattan; America will love old England in spite of such ingratitude. Granted, we have faults—we know it, we feel it; but one of them is not hatred to England. Don't let us lose time in repeating those faults, but let us mend matters. Don't spit at us in your books; we can beat you at spitting, two to one. Put on some new glasses; look at us through some new eyes; put some able-bodied seamen at the helm, and not so many green hands; and judge of us as you would judge of yourselves.

Love your enemies *as much as you can*; but place the grappling-irons on your friends. Do to the Americans as you would have the Americans do unto you. Forgive us our faults, as we forgive your unkind comments. But, above all, don't lead us into temptation.

It takes two to fight. If one will not, the other cannot. I want to see more elasticity, more geniality, more heart, thought, and deed, in English views of America and her people. Rome was master of the world, England has been its mistress. Rome was grand, so is England. Rome outraged nationalities, so has England treated America most unfairly.

America is always trying to show her attachment for her mother land. How warmly, how earnestly, how sincerely, we drink the health of your right royal Queen. I never heard an American refuse to cheer when that noble lady was the sentiment. Give an American one hand, and he will give you two; advance one inch towards him, and he joins you with a bound.

How we receive your authors, your poets, your statesmen! How wild our enthusiasm when we talked with you for a day over the electric cord! How we received your officers, feasted your consuls, toasted your nation, rejoiced at our connection with you!—up went the rockets, off went the guns, out went the flags, and our city hall was in a flame, all

for love of England. England received the intelligence as though it had been the death of a dear friend—the elopement of a favorite daughter—or, what strikes nearer home, the protesting of an acceptance—

“ Not a drum was heard, not a martial note,  
As the news o’er the cable was hurried;  
Not a paper discharged a welcome shot  
O’er the grave where our friendship was buried.”

Again, when a New York Regiment intended paying a visit to England by the Galway steamer, the British government showed evident signs of distrust, by compelling them to land in citizens’ dress. But mark the difference in America. When the Americans expected the arrival of the 42d Highlanders, the Empire City was alive with excitement. The Mayor convened the Council—the Council voted the freedom of the city—appointed committees to receive the distinguished guests—and voted to pay all their expenses while in New York. Theatres were to open wide their doors, the military were to turn out, and from all classes the noble 42d were to be welcomed as brothers, and feted as no regiment was ever before received; and all this out of love and kindness towards England. Not a word of all this sentiment finds space in a British journal; but murders, scuffles in Congress, filibuster surprises, negro romance and negro realities, records of crime—all are welcome, all find space, no matter how crowded may be the British newspapers.

Why did private and public companies send out ships-of-war loaded with American corn and provisions during the Irish famine? Simply to show America’s good-will to England. Why did Congress vote eight thousand pounds for the expenses, and depute officers of the American navy to deliver the Arctic explorer *Resolute* into the hands of your noble Queen? Simply to show America’s good-will to England. Why have the American people invited and feted Lord Napier in the recent grand ball at Washington? Simply because he is a British Minister. And America wishes to show in every possible way her good-will towards England. Yes, America will stand by this grand old country, in spite of Grattans—in spite of jealousy—in spite of war-eyed Conservatives. America likes England, and wishes to be treated as a daughter, but not as a step-daughter.

America courts inquiry, and asks all the world to pay her a visit. Murray liked her. Mackay was astonished at her magnitude, and gave

a good-natured rap at slavery in his poem, "Down the Mississippi." He got rapped for it in return by the Southern press; he came home well pleased with what he saw. Muspratt proved how much he respected the land by marrying one of the fairest and cleverest of her daughters. Thackeray proved himself a gentleman and a scholar: all liked him, all praised. I saw him last at "the Derby," and he told me that he could only speak in terms of esteem of a people from whom he had received so much kindness, and for whom he possessed so high a respect. Many of the French writers and artists were equally delighted; so were the Germans; so the Italians; so the Swedes. Frederika Bremer and Rachel, Jenny Lind and Mario, all were welcome. No matter if it be Kossuth or Humboldt, Smith O'Brien or a Prince of Wales — America will always have a ready plate, a dinner, and a bed. *America is a congress of nations.* Men of intellect will always have the best of everything — even though they abuse us in return. The quality of hospitality is not strained.

Lequeve, in 1857, reviewed Ampere's work, and, like most graduates of the Academy, writes pointedly: —

"America," he says, "brings good fortune to those of our great writers who speak of her. It seems as if one could not touch that fruitful land without acquiring a greater strength. Chateaubriand brought away a new poesy; De Tocqueville found there a *chef d'œuvre* of political philosophy; Monsieur Ed. Laboulaye has produced from the American Constitution a book which although still unfinished, counts already as a durable work; and, finally, Mons. Ampere returns to-day from this New World with that which is most wanting, perhaps, in our old continent, a religious respect for the dignity of human nature."

And now we have Grattan prowling about the country with a magnifying glass, showing nothing but pimples and eruptions on the face of American society; hair uncombed, toes out of the boots, patches on its garments, unshaven and unshorn — *uncivilized*, not *civilized* America. Poor thin-skinned race! Miserable boasters! Wretched outcasts, when compared with European refinement, ye have caused much pain to a Consul of Britain. Ye must have neglected him, ye Bostonians, to have made him abuse ye so.

Dore puts a prayer into Jonathan's mouth, summing up all his sins, in page 193 of a "Stroller in Europe": —

"Jonathan gets well lashed; and is at last so be-criticized, that, bewildered, he sinks on his knees, and cries out, with little Topsy, 'Oh, I is so wicked!'

Almighty dollar! have mercy upon me, a miserable spitter! a slaveholder! a feeble sucker of mint juleps and brandy cocktails! a lover of cotton and tobacco! (particularly Mrs. Miller's fine-cut;) an amateur of balloon excursions on sections of steam boilers! an advocate of community of tooth-brushes! universal annexer! boardinghouse-keeper of all the felons, forcats, and forgers on earth! fast eater! fast liver! fast killer! inventor of two interminable skewers for spitting human beings *a la brochette de Rognons*, called single-track railways! maker but hater of tragedies! Have pity on me, O Almighty dollar! Shut me up in prison, and make my Atlantic walls ten times three thousand miles in breadth; pitch my cotton and cocktails, my balloons and boilers, my forgers and felons, all into the sea, and the dice, and the slaves, and the brochettes, and the stars, after them, (leaving only the stripes, for by them we are healed.")

Mr. Grattan closes "Civilized America" with a fling at American securities; and, in reply, I promised to tax the readers of the *Post* with but one more article. *American securities don't pay!* Proof: Sydney Smith said so some twenty years ago!

Here are some facts for the English million:—

*Pennsylvania never repudiated—The Bank of the United States never failed—American railway securities pay better than any other railway securities in any other part of the world—America has paid better dividends in the panic of 1857 than any other nation—American credit is based on as substantial a ground-work as any other credit—The everlasting cry about American indebtedness to Europe, American insolvency, American delinquency, American dishonesty, American double-dealing, is as false as the ten thousand other slanders that idle brains have created and unreflecting journals have disseminated throughout Europe.*

I have italicized the foregoing points, because I want reflecting minds to examine before they deny the assertions.

*American securities don't pay.* Why? Because Sydney Smith said so, when railways, and telegraphs, and daguerreotypes, and photographs, and chloroform, and ocean steamers were luxuries. Because he said so before these inventions became necessities. *American securities don't pay*, said Sydney Smith in 1843. Sixteen years have gone; Caffre war, Mexican war, Crimean war, Indian war, Algerian war, China war, have all been enacted since then. Australia and California have added *two hundred millions sterling* to the gold in the world. New Emperors are on the thrones of Russia, Austria, China, and France. Peel saw free trade add to England's prosperity before he died; the Queen has become eight times a mother and once a grand-



mother since that eventful time, when, in a fit of good-natured spleen, Sydney Smith *divided* the American over the dinner table, and said those memorable words, which it seems impossible to eradicate from the English mind — *American securities don't pay!*

Now let us draw the curtain. First, the aggregate debt of Michigan, Arkansas, Florida, and Mississippi is not *three millions sterling*, yet the *twenty-nine solvent* States are obliged to have rung in their ears *we are a repudiating community*.

The British Bank of Glasgow's losses swallow up the entire sum of the repudiating States; but what of that? *American securities don't pay!*

The failure of Messrs. Lawrence and Co., and the unsecured bonds of the Erie Road, furnish Mr. Grattan for a text that "*American securities are all bad*;" yet he unknowingly proves exactly to the contrary in the very valuable, because elaborate, table of American railways in the Appendix to "*Civilized America*."

First, he asserts the unsoundness of our railways, and then gives the figures proving what he has asserted is false. Buy the book, examine the table, and you have the evidence of the flat contradiction.

Mr. Grattan winds up with a savage comment on Mr. Peabody's recommendation to buy some "unsecured bonds." He bought, held, and sold at a loss; hence *American securities are bad*.

His friend, Mr. Lawrence, who led him astray in some investments in the Middlesex Mills — broke up in the panic — and left the country; and while the "British banker, Paul, is in a British prison, the fraudulent merchant, Lawrence, is having his portrait taken in Florence." Hence *Americans ought not to be trusted*.

One man has the small-pox, therefore the nation must go into financial quarantine. One potato has shown signs of corruption, hence "that root of all evil" leavens the whole lump. Mr. Grattan lost one year's salary in a bad investment, hence he warns his British friends against *all American securities*. This is wrong, unfair, ungenerous.

Does Mr. Grattan pretend to tell me that America has anything that will compare in magnitude in non-paying dividends with the Great Western of England, or the Chester and Holyhead? Is not that two hundred thousand pound affair of the Ohio Life and Fire Insurance overshadowed, sunk, lost in the overwhelming sums that have been swallowed up in the Royal British, Tipperary, Northumberland, and the Borough Banks? Collect together all the defalcations, frauds, and

embezzlements in America for the last twenty years, and, in comparison with Walter Notts, of the Globe Assurance Office, who suicided himself in Newgate; Joseph Windle Cole, of dock warrant notoriety; John Sadler, the forging and fraudulent member of Parliament; Robson, the women-keeping prize poet of the Crystal Palace; Redpath, the accomplished embezzler of the Great Northern; the bullion robber of the Southeastern; or Col. Waugh, of Dismal Swamp Investing Bank-capital fame! Collect all our cis-Atlantic discrepancies and place them beside the foregoing names, and will they not appear like Lilliputians chaining down a Gulliver?

England engineers in Thames Tunnelling — Tubular-bridge making — Crystal Palace-erecting — Great Eastern launching style!

Her failures and her frauds are equally gigantic with her Augean enterprise and her magnificent individuality! And there is nothing more sublime than the stupendous caricature she has painted for a score of years of America and the Americans — making the world believe that “while the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,” she, and she alone, is the self-appointed steward, and any other nation who possesses a night-key has obtained it by perjury or fraud!

American railway securities are the best in the world; they have paid better, they are paying better, and they will continue to pay better, than any other railway securities in any other land. Interested evidence will not be admitted. An American’s assertion will not be sufficient. A merchant, a banker, or a broker possibly might be questioned, but no one can doubt the authority of a Government official, who is sent especially to report on the matter under discussion. Captain Galton stands high as an engineer, and here is a table in his able report to the Board of Trade, which speaks for itself: —

THE FOLLOWING TABLE COMPARES THE PRINCIPAL RESULTS IN SEVERAL COUNTRIES:—

COUNTRY.	Capital expended per mile.	Receipts per mile.			Percentage proportion of receipts.		Working expenditure.		Percentage.	
		Passengers.	Goods.	Total.	Passengers.	Goods.	Per mile.	Per train per mile.	Proportion of working expenses to receipts.	Proportion of net receipts to capital.
Austria.....	£ 21,387	£ 806	£ 2,120	£ 2,926	28	72	£ 1,572	{ 38 19d to 39.44 }	53	6.33
Prussia.....	14,486	641	1,248	1,988	35	65	960		45	7.44
Other German States....	1855	478	817	1,295	37	63	704		54	4.08
United States of America..	8,275	—	—	1,234	—	—	666	50 & 53†	54	6.70
France.....	26,668	1,411	1,265	2,706	52	48	1,191	43.33	44	5.85
Belgium.....	1854	942	1,216	2,158	44	56	1,260	40.80	58	5.48
Holland.....	1856	1,428	281	1,709	83	17	1,042	60.23	61	3.34
Sardinia.....	1857	788	657	1,447	54	46	743	48.06	51	—
Tuscany.....	1855	—	237	966	78	22	446	74.72	46	3.34
Switzerland.....	1856	417	263	680	61	39	341	—	54	1.48
England.....	1857	1,362	1,743	3,105	44	56	1,564	32.88	48	4.19
Scotland .....	1857	747	1,293	2,040	37	63	941	28.32	44	3.89
Ireland.....	1857	664	445	1,076	59	41	464	24.96	31	3.97

\* State of New York.

† State of Massachusetts.

‡ The cost is increased by the lines in course of construction.

The expense of working in Prussia and Austria is about 52 per cent. of the receipts; in America it is 54 per cent.; while in England it is 48; in France and Scotland, 44; and in Ireland, 38 per cent.

Will Mr. Grattan accept these stubborn facts? Will British capitalists refuse to admit their own official advices? Will British journalists admit the truth of my assertion, that American railways pay better than German — better than French — better than English — better than any other? The German roads average under *six per cent.*, so is it with the French and the Belgian; while the British railways do not, in the aggregate, touch *four per cent.*! Look well at my figures — add up, subtract, divide, and correct me if I am wrong. Then cast your eye towards the American railways that Captain Galton tells you pay *six and seven-tenths per cent.*! Read and ponder — admit or deny!

*Punch* and the *Times* have so deeply impressed the English mind with spittoons — cobblers — smashers — bowie knives — “Revolvers in Georgia,” — repudiation — lynch law — Congressional bullying — negro chains — apple sauce — wooden nutmegs — collapsing steam-boats — one-eyed voters — Macready riots — Colt suicides — Webster murders — and non-paying dividends — the British journalists and British authors have fed on these crumbs that fall from the American’s table so long, it has become near to impossible to make the English people believe, when they meet an American, that he has not got a pocket steam-boiler in his waistcoat, just on the point of exploding; a miniature locomotive in his coat, on the eve of smashing up the decanters; a small hand-edition in his breeches pockets of a negro, just about being mangled; or an *American security* in his hand, done up in some patent financial infernal machine, made to go off on the hair-trigger principle, so as to ruin as many people as possible at the shortest notice!

The English are a decidedly conservative people. Full of wisdom — full of experience — full of nationality, and full of generosity and good-nature; willing to argue, willing to be corrected, willing to be convinced *on almost every other topic but questions connected with America.* They form opinions on the United States and the Americans in 1839, which they use as a concordance *twenty years* after. They made up their minds that Dr. Lardner said that a steamship could never cross the Atlantic. *He never said so.* They made up their minds that Pennsylvania repudiated her obligations. *This was not so.* They think that all *Americans are slave-owners.* *There are eighteen millions of Northern white men in America* who have no more to do with slavery than England has! They imagine that the term Yankee is one of reproach. On



the contrary, it is a compliment. *Yengeese* was the Indian name for English. *Yengeese* — *Yengee* — *Yankee*. They consider a *Creole* must necessarily have negro blood in his veins. *Creole* means *native*. An Englishman is a *Creole* of England.

They have a few stock jokes on the Americans. That of Crockett and the spittoon ; that of the precocity of the boy whose right to be a man was based on the ground of his “having *chewed* tobacco these two years ;” that of the man who was so delighted with only losing “his nose and one eye in the free fight ;” that of “are you the chap that is going to ride, then I am the gentleman to drive you ;” that of “any passengers who have n’t paid their passage, need n’t, because I am bound to pass that ’ere steamer or bust ;” that of “how long will it take you to send this despatch to New Orleans ?” “Five minutes.” “Too long, I can’t wait.” All these are hashed up for breakfast, and re-hashed for dinner, as national characteristics, — traits peculiar to the Americans. All right. I am not finding fault. I merely mention the *jokes in stock*. I always laugh, they are so funny.

Mr. Grattan picks out the follies and weaknesses of mankind, and fastens them on the Americans. He saw America through Boston — now Boston is not the “*hub of the solar system*.” Mr. Grattan cannot epitomize a nation that way — a locality of less than 200,000 people does not represent 30,000,000 !

He saw policemen at parties — do they not have them in England ? I have followed him step by step, I have laughed at his most inimitable description of his impressions of the sounding of the gong at the Astor. I enjoy his chapter on names, where (page 325) “Polly Woodcock drops a syllable, and becomes Polly *Wood* ; and Alice *Bottomly*, from motives of delicacy, I presume, alters the spelling of her name to *Bottbomlee*.” I am surprised that he should have thought wheeling a barrow of apples on an election bet, from Newburyport to Boston, by Benjamin Perley Poore, an event of sufficient importance for him to devote a page to it. I am astonished that his friend, Sir John Bagot, when passing Bunker Hill, in Harrison Gray Otis’s carriage, should never have heard of that memorable spot ; and I am amused by the usual overture which he, with every other English author, plays upon the spittoon.

Dickens was the leader of the orchestra, — then came fat Dickenses and lean Dickenses, round-faced Dickenses and square-toed Dickenses, little Dickenses and great Dickenses, — all of whom have entertained their readers with what would constitute an ocean of saliva ! O, why

the Dickens did you give your band this spittoon chorus? "You are all right; it is a disgusting habit. When I see the black end of tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it; but *when I see the mouth, I pity the tobacco!*" It was a matter of curiosity to me to see what the English did with the *saliva* occasioned by the consumption of the quantity of tobacco used in England, the annual duties of which are over *five millions sterling!* I never discovered the secret till I got on board a Birkenhead Ferry-boat — sat down in a low beer shop — looked into a second and a third-class railway carriage, or examined the pit and the gallery of the theatre! I saw at once that the *aristocracy swallow all* that does not go into the pocket handkerchief, while the democracy adopt the American plan of *stand from under*.

Englishmen forget that we have no second-class carriages; that most travellers take passage in the first cabin, and that our society acted upon the every-man-a-sovereign principle. Hence English travellers compare our Bowery Boys with the graduates of Cambridge; our backwood laborers with England's grandees, instead of comparing man with man, class with class. Put our factory operative by the side of yours — place our drayman and yours together — take the American farmer, our collier, our mechanic, and shoulder to shoulder compare them with similar classes in England; and caste by caste judge fairly, and not consider the naturalized Irish stoker who may sit on the same seat with Mr. Grattan, the first-class representative of "*Civilized America*;" compare our clergymen with yours, our army officers with your army officers, our professors with your professors, our historians with your historians, our manufacturing and agricultural population with yours, and remember that all these grades with us go in the first-class, while your castes are almost as rigid as that of the Hindoo and the Brahmin. If you want to see spitting and smoking, go into the second and the third-class carriages. Americans chew tobacco — Englishmen take snuff. Is it any worse to make a coal-hole of your mouth, than it is to make a chimney of your nose? Why do some of the snuff-takers carry a red handkerchief as well as a white handkerchief? *Chewing is an American habit, and a disgusting one.* Snuff-taking is an English custom, and equally disgusting as the other! Smoking is a German notion, and almost as bad as either of the others.

*Americans have their faults, but one of them is not hatred of England!*

Mr. Grattan, no doubt, has accomplished his object. He wrote "*Civ-*

ilized America" to sell; and in order to make it sell, he represents the Americans as *uncivilized*—that is, when compared with England. Has he forgotten that crude, unlettered, ungenial, ill-mannered as we may seem to "Civilized Europe," we sprung from the pioneer in civilization of that same Europe? Our habits and tastes correspond with our lives and circumstances, and climate, and government, as they do with people all over the world.

Wholesale diatribes on the people of any country are not calculated either to cause improvement in that people, or to produce reciprocal good feeling. They, naturally, ask with Job, "*Who is he that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?*" Think well of a country, and you will speak well of it. We do not ask commendation—we simply wish not to be misrepresented, knowing that the sweetest wine makes the dearest vinegar. We want no honeyed words; but knowing, also, that one ill word will sour a whole pot of pottage, we do not wish to be judged by authors as prejudiced as Mr. Grattan has proved himself to be. False mirrors make straight natures look crooked!

Americans had a right to expect a work from her Majesty's Consul that would have done them justice. So distinguished a writer should have found field for reflection in the astonishing progress which the country has made since his countrymen disguised themselves in the garb of the North American savages before Fort Wyoming, so that they might surprise and scalp the garrison, rather than in the examination of woman's dress. Americans have memories as well as Englishmen. Hessian soldiers and red Indians may have scalped our forefathers by orders of Parliament, but what of that? Why should their children re-open the old wounds? Why should Mr. Grattan write in his Preface that he had consigned his body to the butchers if he did not feel that he had done the Americans a grievous wrong? What have we done to merit such reproach, unless loving old mother England be our crime,—and I beg to say it is a very general one with the Americans,—to occasion such an outburst of national prejudice? Tread on a worm, and it will turn. The blood of England's best men circulates in our veins. The Lord's Prayer is taught to the American as well as to the English child.

Why are not children taught the history of America? Why devote so small a space to the United States? Teach the boy if you wish to inform the man. Bad as England may think of the American press, our journals do not devote any extra labor to picking up the foul things that float in the gutter of every-day life in England, and describe "Civilized

England" from such a point of view; "misrepresentation is not wrong because it is cruel, but it is cruel because it is wrong."

Is the English mind predisposed to receive evil report of the Americans? If not, why do the English journals continually placard every American crime before the public — no matter how small, no matter what that crime may be?

Take an English review or an English newspaper when there is the least choice for comment, and note the prominent position given to an American crime! "Another brutal outrage on board an American ship!" "Another sailor murdered by an American captain!" "Another assault on an American Senator!" "Crime in New York!" "A slave lynched in Kentucky!" How prominent such events are paraded. European crime is not so attractive. How often do we see similar records of crime — in France or Germany, or even in Ireland, Scotland, and England? The excruciating tortures of the poor fireman, who was deliberately burned to death by the officers on board the Brazilian steamer, is merely recorded in the papers — no editorials on that brutality. No — it was not an American ship! Do American shipmasters alone commit all these crimes? Do similar transactions never occur on board British ships? No wonder the mind of England is so ready to receive bad impressions of America. The journals must cater to the appetite which they have created. Why do the *Globe* and *Herald* continually charge Mr. Bright and other public men with having Americanized ideas? The *Morning Herald's* comments on America will exactly suit Mr. Grattan. "Mr. D'Israeli," says the *Herald* of last week, "admires no more than we do the predominance of the mob; and the Democratic institutions of the United States of America, in which happy country the most respectable inhabitants take no share in politics, abdicate their proper functions in the administration of affairs, and dare not even utter their genuine sentiments before a crowd." Saturday's *Globe* follows in a similar strain.

A friend's word is faithful, — but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful!

The Old Testament ends with a curse. The New Testament commences with a blessing. Mr. Grattan commences his book with a compliment, and ends it with a sneer.

Laughing with one eye and crying with the other, he ate our dinners — drank our wine — parted with us with friendship's warmth — returned to England, leaving his son to succeed him in the consulship, and who,



I believe, won golden opinions from all who knew him — waited till that son received from Lord Palmerston a Continental consulship — wrote his introductory — a clever chapter — where, as I before observed, he “consigned his body to the butchers,” — made his arrangements with the enterprising publishers of *Punch*, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, — laid back in his chair at the Athenæum Club — most likely remarked, “I have out-Dickenized Dickens this time, cleared the track of all the trash that has been written in the United States, and monopolized all the abuse that the country may have to spare, on the ex-novelist, ex-historian, ex-consul — the distinguished author of “Civilized America!” They may abuse me, but what do I care? — *the book sells!* \*

In looking through “Civilized America,” there is one consolation, — the English journals and the English reviewers cannot, and have not, endured the prejudices therein contained — many of them have passed it by in silence. “It is better to have no opinion at all of the gods than a degrading one.” The Americans will feel most keenly the ingratitude which Mr. Grattan has shown.

Boston is my native city. I know it has its faults — who, indeed, has not? — but it has its virtues also. More like England than any other American city — older than most of them — the birthplace of American liberty — the seat of learning — Boston will survive Mr. Grattan’s porcupine quills. There may be coldness in her hospitality, — there may be cliques that it is difficult for many to enter, yet all were open to the British Consul — for America loves England, and always welcomes her sons — and, in spite of Mr. Grattan, *always will*. He saw few gentlemen there. I know other cities laugh at Boston for its *mutual admiration societies* — but all must admit that she represents the *aristocracy of mutual admiration*. She moves in circles — some of which wealth cannot penetrate. Beacon Street is sacred ground, you must belong to the “mutual admiration,” or the door is closed upon you. Boston is the pink of perfection — doing everything on the sly. The Boston merchants have done more as the pioneers of commerce than any merchants now living. I found a Boston merchant in all the ports I entered in my world’s journeying. William Gray was a Boston merchant — Sturges, of Manilla, is a Boston merchant — Russell and Heard, of China, are Boston merchants — Joshua Bates is a Boston merchant — so is Russell Sturges — so is George Peabody.

Go where you will, you will find foremost in commerce representa-

\* Here was a rub. The book was a dead failure.

tives of that city which furnishes Mr. Grattan with material for abuse — and all because of those unclaimed Bonds which Mr. Peabody recommended him to buy — and that Middlesex Mills Stock which Mr. Lawrence told him would pay.

Is it honorable to lampoon a whole people for these things? Would it be fair for Macaulay to *Juniusize* all Scotland because of the Western Bank? Boston will “still live.”

The Bostonians have monopolized the leviathan racing ground, taking the whale fisheries almost entirely away from England—but this does not prove that they are *gentlemen*! The Bostonians arrange buildings in mid-summer—and fill them with ice in mid-winter—which square blocks of *petrified water* they place in ships and transport to Calcutta, where they build other houses to receive it—where it is taken to the couch of the dying officer of the Indian army in the Sepoy revolution—and has cooled many a fevered brow during that terrible rebellion, and relieved many a parching throat.—(It seems but the other day since I saw that fiend incarnate, *Nana Sahib*, talking with the brave *General Havelock* in the presence of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning at Government House.)—Yes, the Bostonians introduced this welcome commerce to India, but that does not prove that they *were gentlemen*! Mr. Grattan had no time to talk commerce, manufactures, or agriculture. His mission was to ascertain why wives kept out of sight when *enceinte*!—why the newspapers did not publish births!—why the Americans were so ill-mannered, so ungenerous, so contrary to the denizens of “civilized America!” Such things he considered of more importance than discussing colleges or schools, ships or steamers, factories or foundries, canals or railways.

He saw no benevolence in the Americans—no bequests? What about the Girard College in Philadelphia?—the Cooper Institute in New York? What about the splendid endowment in the Boston Athenæum, by the leading American merchant in Europe, Joshua Bates, of London? What about the donation in the town of Danvers, by his friends of the “unsecured bonds?” Or, grander than all these—what will he say to the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, to which the distinguished banker has recently donated *one hundred thousand pounds*! “*To enjoy happiness is a great good; but to be able to confer it on others is a greater still.*” Notwithstanding these munificent donations, the author of “Civilized America” calls us a niggardly people.

The truth is, Mr. Grattan was prejudiced. He saw nothing but the worse side of the democratic element. He went a rabbit hunting with a dead ferret. His mind was made up beforehand. So "Why puff against the wind?" asks a friend. When wine sinks, words swim — large samples do not improve by handling. Let him alone. *Eldon Holes* need filling up.

America has many and serious faults — so have all lands, and few more so than England; but are not her virtues also worthy of notice? We think according to our nature; we speak according to our instruction; but we act according to custom. England hates the Frenchman to-day as sincerely as she did in the times of George the Third; and, had it not been for such disturbers of the peace as Mr. Grattan, she would have loved America as much as she despises France. She feels to-day that a deceitful peace is more injurious than an open war.

The times look ominous. Monarchs are sleeping over powder magazines, whilst the sentinels are smoking their pipes. England shuddered when Napoleon kissed her Queen. Tear'em has not yet fully recovered from the shock. While the Continent is boiling over with the political fires beneath the surface of its society, why not cultivate America's friendship?

*"All States that are liberal of naturalization towards strangers are fit for empire."* Will the people see our desire to know them? Will they hear our knock at the door? Will they shake hands and be friends? I have always found it so; but such tirades as these volumes under review don't benefit the cause.

Mr. Grattan closes "Civilized America" with these laconic lines:—

"Aristocracies are built on the indestructible rights of property. Democracies on the indefeasible rights of liberty. And as wealth, tending to corruption, is the basis of misrule, so freedom, while fostering virtue, is that of good government. The few must always be the rich; the poor the many. Then if property become practically more sacred and stronger than liberty, the few will assuredly become oppressors, and the many be enslaved."

If I mistake not, this metaphysical digest touches England. The paragraph is distilled, but not quite clear. It has no doubt caused the author more thought than it will occasion reflection in the reader.

"Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider," wrote Lord Bacon. "Some books," he said, "are to be tasted, others

to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The *taste* of "Civilized America" is so nauseating, it forbids any further operation of the Baconian philosophy. "*Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.*" Not in Mr. Grattan's case.

The *Times*, a few weeks since, gave us a stinging Editorial on American Crime and Pauperism, the result of American Democracy. Had the writer been familiar with the facts, he would have placed the preacher in the right pulpit. Take the "Empire State" — of the sixty-three thousand criminal arrests made last year in New York, *Thirty-nine thousand* were subjects of Great Britain! Think of that — *Thirty-nine thousand!* Yet the official organ supports Mr. Grattan in sneering at American institutions; but, thanks to such institutions, the American cities cannot equal the picture portrayed by that severe journal in a leader a few days ago. One extract will suffice: —

"Nuisances of the grossest and filthiest kind have been suffered to accumulate in every great town and city of England to a degree scarcely credible but on the clearest testimony of authorized statistics. The grander the city, the wider the streets, the more noble and showy its public buildings, the harder is it to believe that behind these noble buildings — these clean, well-paved streets — these terraces, palaces, and towers — these gorgeous shops, resplendent with gilding and plate-glass — there should yet be, close at hand, within a stone's throw, dens, courts, and alleys of the darkest, filthiest, and foulest kind; narrow, dark, and abominable to the last degree; where the air is absolutely pestiferous from one end of the year to the other; where such a thing as clean, wholesome, drinkable water is either altogether unknown, or only known in such scant and paltry measure as might befit a priceless luxury. And not only are miserable dens and hiding-places such as these inhabited, but actually crowded with inhabitants to a degree that would render life almost intolerable even in streets and houses of the highest kind. Every single room in every house is crammed with half-clad, half-starved, wretched or helpless creatures, toiling on from year's end to year's end in one hopeless, ceaseless round of vice and misery, in the midst of crime, moral evil, and physical uncleanness, scarcely removed from that of the most benighted savage. Here they live, here they multiply, here they sicken, here they die, without the very commonest comforts, decencies such as pure air and water alone would abundantly bestow."

Mr. Grattan will find no such filth — no such misery — no such wretchedness in the native-population of the United States — no, not even among the foreigners.

Let me ask the author of "Civilized America" if he ever saw such



destitution and *squalor even among the American slaves*? No; he knows that the American negro is not thus neglected; he saw enough to convince him, if he will admit the truth, that the slave is far happier as he is, than to give him freedom and transfer him to a home like that above described.

He may reply that the English temper is not sold and separated from his family; true, and seldom, in case of bankruptcy, is it so with the American slave. A slave-seller, except through necessity, is not admitted into Southern society; a slave-dealer never.

An American, writing of Civilized England, finds something more ennobling for his pen than Mr. Grattan discovered in Civilized America. The *Liverpool Courier*, writing on the Reform Bill, says:—

“The country clown, but one degree removed from the beast he tends, or the poor handicraft, whose soul is limited to his work, should be, in Mr. Bright’s ideas, equally qualified to select our legislators, and therefore to be legislators, with the noblest and most intelligent.”

Did Mr. Grattan observe any such class of society in Civilized America? Yet of such he has judged us.

The *Times* contains, Feb. 24, a letter from the Treasurer of County Courts on Imprisonment for Debt, instancing a poor woman lodged in jail for the sum of *four shillings*. Did Mr. Grattan find any such case in “Civilized America?” It is true, “and pity ’t is ’t is true,” that the widow and the fatherless may be shut up for months and years for trifling amounts when no fraud was intended, but when sickness alone had prevented the labor that would have worked out the obligation.

In 1857, “ten thousand six hundred poor people were lodged in prison” under the system! Can Mr. Grattan show anything like that in “Civilized America?”

The writer continues: “It is no uncommon thing to drag a poor widowed mother to prison, leaving her helpless children unprotected.” The expense is trifling—threepence for summons, sixpence for hearing, eighteen-pence for warrant. When subscriptions are being made, he asks “where shall we look for greater misery and sorrow than in the abodes of those husbands and fathers who are lingering in prison, their only crime being their poverty?”

The 26th section of the County Courts Act provides that the bed and fire, if more than five pounds value, can remain: but, he says, “nothing can be more cruel towards destitute families than for a

bailiff to leave their bedding on the floor, and remove every other article."

I am glad that Mr. Grattan found no such law as this in "Civilized America." Passing Lancaster jail some weeks since, I was informed that in some instances, where the amount was under five shillings, and the case a distressing one, the other prisoners have clubbed together, paid the debt, and allowed the grateful mother to return to her children — as noble an act of charity as endowing a college or building a church.

"The quality of mercy is not strained." Poor Sheridan must have suffered when he wrote, —

"Of old the debtors who insolvent died,  
Egypt the rights of sepulture denied.  
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,  
And charitably bury them alive."

The Americans have just received Mr. Grattan's volumes.

In order to show that my strictures on Civilized America in the several articles which you have done me the favor to publish in the *Daily Post* and *Liverpool Journal*, have only anticipated the storm of indignation the book created on its arrival, will you permit me to make an extract or two from a three-columned review in the *New York Tribune* of March 1st: —

"A few years before the advent of Grattan on these barbarous shores, Harriet Martineau made a sort of triumphant progress through the land, and her India-rubber ear-trumpet became the depository of family secrets, personal griefs, and private gossip, sufficient to furnish material for a large volume of scandalous chronicles. What she heard in the ear in closets, she faithfully proclaimed from the housetops, giving the currency of the pen to the most intimate revelations, and astonishing a crowd of well-meaning simpletons by betraying their too good-natured frankness. Grattan has placed himself in a similar relation to the easy individuals who for seven years rejoiced under the benign influence of his consulship in Boston. He had no sooner stepped foot on the pavement of that bleak metropolis, than he was loaded with civilities and compliments. His right hand was almost lamed for life by the fervor with which it was shaken. No public celebration, no social festivity was complete without the presence of Grattan. He was admitted to *tete-a-tetes* with the most eminent officials, and on all occasions was placed in the post of honor, as well as treated with a truly sublime unreserve. Everett, Bancroft, Judge Story, Winthrop, and the rest of the *elite* of our modern Athens, "hung their hearts on their sleeves" while conversing with Grattan,

and forgetting "all time, all seasons, and their change," could have little anticipated the malignant treachery and folly with which their advances would be rewarded."

"This is," continues Mr. Ripley, the accomplished critic of the *Tribune* —

"The burden of the two scandalous volumes which Mr. Grattan has inflicted on the public, intent on emitting "the venom of his spleen," even at the expense of his own reputation, if any he had, for decency, courtesy, or common sense. His flippant and exaggerated criticisms, his enormous self-conceit, his vulgar and ridiculous pomposity, his utter inability to look at anything save in the light of his own prejudices, and his reckless comments on private character, have had no parallel among British travellers in this country, since the palmy days of Mrs. Trollope, the Rev. Isaac Fidler, and other worthies of the lachrymose-abusive school. Compared with Grattan, Dickens is a paragon of modesty, and the very flower of gentlemanly courtesy. Not that we complain of his severity of remark on American manners and institutions. We trust our countrymen are recovering from their thin-skinned sensitiveness to the cavils of foreign tourists and visitors. They can hear it asserted, without falling into spasms, that no woman in the United States has good manners, and no man a good education. But no one can fail to detest the social treachery, which takes advantage of familiar acquaintance to open the houses of your family to the ridicule of the public, and feed the appetite for gossip, by descanting on the domestic economy of eminent men, impudently describing the cut of their coat and the color of their shoes."

"The American," he says, according to our ethnologist, is of an inferior order to the European. He is only a bad imitation of an Englishman. The gentlemen of this country are mere counterfeits of the gentlemen of England. In society, in business, in literature, science, and art, they can bear no comparison with the stock from which they sprang. Though of the same blood, they are of a different breed. The Anglo-Saxon race deteriorates with transplantation; its lofty attributes cannot be maintained beyond the British Isles; and under Republican forms it dwindles down to a fatal mediocrity."

The *New York Tribune* has only foreshadowed the opinions of the American press. The public mind had been prepared for some clever, philosophical work, worthy of the antecedents of the distinguished author; but the compact collection of insulting things that stain what otherwise might have added to Mr. Grattan's name in the world of letters, has carried the Americans beyond that point where patience ceases to be a virtue.

After advising our people to be careful whom they entertain in future, the *Tribune* closes a three-columned review with these words: —

"In mistaking Grattan for a gentleman, they committed a blunder which is not without parallels in all our cities. The record of their mistake is contained in this book, and it may profitably be taken into consideration before yielding a too implicit trust to letters of introduction, plausible manners, or sonorous audacity. The flippant and calumnious personalities in which the author so profusely indulges attest his own inveterate love of vulgar gossip, but can produce no injurious effect on the persons (in many cases men of eminent mark and distinction) against whom they are directed. They can only serve as a warning, which by this time should be superfluous, that the guest who drinks the wine of his host with an obsequious smile, may be only gathering materials for an impudent lampoon."

England has a holy horror of being Americanized; so has America of being Anglicized; but there is less danger of the one than the other. The British constitution, like the national debt, is peculiarly British. England can take our cotton, our corn, our tobacco, our sugar, our provisions, but not our nineteenth century politics. England most willingly accepts our reaping machines, our locks, our Colt's revolvers, our Enfield rifles, — and our mechanics to manufacture them, — but it is too much to ask of her to treat us like "Civilized Americans." England is glad to adopt our wonderful improvements in agricultural utensils; England honored us by buying the yacht "America," after she won the cup; England complimented us in the beautiful proportions of the "Niagara" and the "Merrimac," and their twelve large, instead of seventy-four small, gun system; but it is too much to ask of her to admit the perfection of our common school system, our free voluntary church system, our vote by ballot, our codification of laws, our register of titles, and our freedom of suffrage. And why is this? *Because they are un-English*, and will *Americanize* her institutions. Hence everything politically American must be ignored, but, commercially, everything that shows face of a commission shall be admitted.

What England does is right; what she does not do is wrong. Like China, she looks out of her beautiful island home at the *Outside Barbarians* that dwell in "Civilized America."

Americans are called *boasters*; were they to tell the whole truth, they would be called *lunatics*. England in Europe is feared, not loved. In America it is just the other way. Like the old woman when her horse plunged down the hill, she puts her trust in Providence till the breeching breaks, — then, as in the case of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, she thinks it is time to take care of herself.

When anything abusing you gets into the papers, how quickly your



friends observe it! On the contrary, when a paragraph to your credit is inserted, your friends *did not see the the paper that day*. This is the way Grattan saw America; in short, this is human nature everywhere.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, said: "It is commanded that we should forgive our enemies; but nowhere are we recommended to *forgive our friends*."

Richard Whateley says: "The American Episcopal Church is kept apart from our own, not by difference of doctrine, but simply by being *American*."

Miss Elizabeth Smith said: "A *woman* has need of extraordinary gentleness and modesty to be *forgiven* for possessing superior ability and learning." America's astonishing progress in commerce creates in England a similar sentiment.

"Nothing can reconcile envy to virtue but death."

For many years, America has welcomed the exile and patriot to her shores. She has clothed him, sheltered him, and given him food. Her gates were always open, and always will be. Europe sneered, England ridiculed; but the door was never shut. Europe misjudged our motives. They were pure and honorable, but England could never see it in that light. Now she has the opportunity. Thousands overflowing with goodness of heart will be disappointed, but fate has so arranged it. The "David Stuart," instead of arriving amid the firing of guns and ringing of bells, will go into New York without a passing salute. Why? Because she landed her glorious freight of patriotic humanity in Ireland. God bless the Irish. They gave the Italian martyrs a noble welcome. God bless the English! They, too, are full of sympathy for the noblest band of heroes the world has met for many a day. Lord Shaftesbury, this time, is more profitably employed than in misjudging the Americans. The *Times* was foremost; the nation responds — all England is awake. Pounds are accumulating — houses are preparing — Lords are waiting — Commons are ready — people are anxious to give the victims of the coward perjurer of Naples a reception as worthy of England as the exiles are worthy of her sympathy.

When England ridicules — laughs — censures "Civilized America" again for the earnestness of her welcome to European refugees, let her remember the noble reception she is giving to Baron Pœrio and Signor Settembrini, and their brave companions in exile.

"*The ascent to high office is steep — the summit slippery — the descent precipitous.*" Bomba will soon see the truth of the latter truism. — A little fire burns a large house. One of the grandest pages in England's history was the refusal to give up Bernard. The Government would have surrendered him up! But the people were aroused — and, when the people of England speak, the echo is heard on the borders of the world.

One of the greatest of American institutions is the public meeting — where all can speak. It is the great safety-valve of freedom. England is getting a taste of it about these times on the Reform Bill. I observed the military were called out in East Worcestershire; — that the gowmsmen broke up the reform meeting at Cambridge! — that Ernest Jones got handled rather roughly at Birmingham! Did Mr. Grattan observe anything of this kind in "*Civilized America?*" Just after reading a powerful leader in the *Times* of Thursday, on the political emoluments of democratic institutions, as shown in the navy contracts — by the President's initials on Patterson's letter — my eye caught in another these words, as reported from one of the honorable speakers at the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester: — "*There was a black book published some time ago, from which it appeared that, out of 360 members of the House of Lords, upwards of 308 were receivers of grants — or pensions or privileges — or church preferments, — or something, which amounted to between two and three millions sterling per annum.*"

How many members of Parliament received one thousand pounds apiece to oblige George the Third and William Pitt — for voting on the India Bill? Not a single case was proved against the American Congress by the recent committee to examine into bribery. The *Parliamentary agents* of England are *nabobs* compared to the *lobby members* of America!

I am surprised that Mr. Grattan did not introduce that question of the *tooth brush*. It was more important than the chapter on Texas. *There never was a public tooth brush!* But admit for argument that they are hung up in hotels for the benefit of the guests; are there not whole towns in England that *never saw a tooth brush!* "*Cleanliness is next to godliness.*"

"Your friend will bear anything but the truth; tell him that, and he becomes your enemy."

Feeling that Mr. Grattan had wronged a people whose only fault was

giving him a generous welcome to their shores, I have answered some of his assertions. They were broadcast, sweeping against our women, our statesmen, our securities, our institutions. I have tried to answer some of his back-handed thrusts; I have done it at the risk of losing his friendship, which I highly prized. "It is less dangerous to *hurt most men* than to do them much good," wrote Rochefoucault.

"The love of a country has its rise in the purity of affection." The Americans have none, said Mr. Grattan.

"The perpetuation of brutes is offspring, but that of men is glory, their deserts, and their institutions."

Mr. Grattan catered to the prejudice of the English against the Americans, but his sauce was overseasoned. Perhaps the pent-up feeling escaped as well through that outlet as any other. Pleydell, in "Guy Mannering," says: — "If you have not a regular chimney for the smoke, it will find its way through the whole house."

The publication of "Civilized America" no doubt raised him from a bilious fever. Everybody sees the ink spot on the white tablecloth, but who examines the fabric? The *mole* on the fair girl's face is the first to strike the eye; a blue vein on the Venus de Medicis, or a yellow mark on the Apollo Belvedere, would have destroyed their value, yet as works of art they would have been equally majestic and beautiful. Everybody sees the cloud on the horizon, but who thinks of the clear blue sky above him? Mr. Grattan saw only the dark spots on the sun. He sailed his canoe in the frog pond on Boston Common, instead of taking the "New World up the Hudson." His Pegasus was a dwarf pony. Instead of climbing the mountain, he amused himself at the ant-hill. His "unsecured bonds" were at a discount, hence — "*don't buy American securities!*"

Who have paid their twenty shillings in the pound in the panic but the Americans? Ask the iron merchants whose credit stands the highest to-day in England, America or France?

Why have the Denistouns been enabled to forestal their payments and meet so promptly all their engagements? *Because their American creditors paid them.*

Mr. Peabody lost but *one per cent.* of his American debts! Barings and Rothschilds made the same statement.

Who are these people that have lost such sums by America? Can you furnish me with a list?

Do American securities pay? Read Satherthwaithe's weekly circular

in the *Daily News*. He surprised a capitalist the other day, who was moaning over his American bonds, by giving him a check for every coupon — saying, that all the roads he represented paid with regularity their interest. A leading banker of Lombard-street lately retired with £20,000 a-year from active business, which, report says, he has recently doubled by his operations in American securities.

Some twenty years ago four American States disgraced the country by repudiating their engagements, upon the same ground that *Belfast refused to pay interest on her bonds*. These States will never be respected till they have paid in full. The question arises, are *twenty-nine solvent States* to be circumcised on account of the sins of their associates?

In concluding my comments on “Civilized America,” I beg to say I do not pretend to justify any of the many faults which the Americans may possess, by comparison with England. I have placed a few customs, opinions, and views, face to face, to show their bearing.

Had I possessed your happy faculty of writing, my “Talk on ‘Change,” my “*Points*” would have been sharper, although you say that I shall “*fail in convincing John Bull that three-fourths of the slaves are not treated cruelly, and that three-fourths of the Yankees are not rogues!*”

Life, Principles, Facts, correspond to Love, Wisdom, and Knowledge. Knowledge is a Sceptic, Wisdom a Believer, Love a Worshipper. The one is Atheistical, the other Deistical, the last Idolatrous.

Mr. Grattan has shown neither love, wisdom, or knowledge, in “Civilized America.”

Emerson says that grass and flowers grow out of carrion in the sun, but Grattan will covet even that privilege.

Thackeray behaved like a gentleman — Charles Mackay made friends on every side, except the South — Murray was popular — so was William Chambers — Mary Howitt saw a kindred people — Ferguson did not misrepresent our country — Cobden will talk good sense when he gets back. And when I saw how Grattan repaid our kindness to him, I took up the “American Notes” again, and am surprised to find them overflowing with such good-nature. Dickens has been abused. Sydney Smith’s philippic came so close upon Boz’s footsteps that we mixed the sentiment. Dickens is not so bad a man, after all; I retract all I have written or said against him. Read “American



Notes" again; then read "Civilized America." Dickens wrote for fun — Grattan for spite. Perhaps he will add in his next edition a chapter on Sickles? The *Times* is most temperate on that terrible tragedy. Two commandments were broken — one was no worse than the other. "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune."

Sickles has done himself wrong, but the world a favor. "Revenge is wild justice," writes Bacon. Lynch-law is an ancient institution. When Schechem defiled Dinah, daughter of Leah, under the promise of marriage, her brothers got Schechem and his tribe *circumcised*, — and Simeon and Levi, the sons of Jacob, taking advantage of their unfortunate condition, went in upon them and put *all to the sword*. See 34th chapter of Genesis.

"Civilized America" asks no praise of England; all she desires is not to be censured for faults common to human nature. Remember about throwing stones at glass houses.

If Mr. Grattan feels really sorry for having abused us, I forgive him; but, in doing so, I must add that it is a mean thing to listen at the keyhole — it is meaner to open a private letter — but it is the very meanest thing of all to accept hospitality and slander him who gave it. If I have been personal, I regret and retract it. If I have offended the author of "Civilized America," I am man enough to accept *his* apology.



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